

PRETTY TRIFLES OF DRESS.

THE EMPIRE WARP THE LATEST PIAZZA WRAP.

Capable, Pretty, Boon in Great Variety—Real Ruses in the Most Extravagant—Some Very Elaborate—Others—Pretty Novelties in Belts.

The degree of fashion certainly has a deep significance in all that goes to make up the sum of what seems to be the necessary accessories of dress. If there is one field in which an extravagant woman can spend more than in another, it is where these irresistible little trifles tempt her vanity.

In no other department is there such variety, such attractive novelties as in that devoted to neckwear. Just a few sticks at \$1.50 or \$2.50 apiece seem a trifle, but they rise rapidly beyond the two-figure limit unless you have strength of mind enough to stop almost before you have begun to buy.

The latest fashion reports give us suggestions, hints as to the coming downfall of the bow, which is to be ousted by the scarf, but just at present every woman seems to own one, and the shops are full of these frilly things. The latest models, however, assume the cape form in some degree. Some examples are shown in the illustrations.

They are made of point d'esprit, white, black or tinted, and in ribbon or in color, trimmed with silk flower petals of the same shade, and brown velvet bows. For a special costume they are made of colored tulle and lace, and one which is more elaborate than the others has a black silk guipure over heliotrope silk bordered with frills of silk on a dotted net foundation.

Three ascot-ribbon-plaited cane frills of point d'esprit with a full of Alençon lace over the top one make a pretty bow, with the long scarf ends of lace. Simple neck ruffles of ascot-ribbon-plaited net are edged



with lace beading and finished with long ribbon ends.

Other cape bows are of white chiffon edged with black velvet baby ribbon, with black silk poppies caught in the folds here and there. The scarf ends are of chiffon, finished with a full and overhang with loops and ends of velvet ribbon.

Embroidered tulle is used for bows with little frilly edges of lace, and you see the collar in point d'esprit as well, finished with lace or black velvet ribbon. Mouseline bows bordered with mouseline roses are another fancy.

Then there are bows of ribbon roses with ends of ribbon, and if you want to be particularly stylish, have your bow made of red roses, with long ribbon loops and ends attached. This is the latest evidence of extravagance in this line.

Tulle, in white, forms some very dainty bows, with pompadour silk side ends, trimmed with steel buttons.

As for stocks they are legion, and every woman who wears a shirt waist either makes or buys them by the dozen. White stocks have the lead end and any style which is not too frilly is permitted.

The stock which is partially transparent is the favorite, made in all sorts of ways with tiny beads of any thin material heretofore attached together and with medallions of lace inset in fine linen, silk or thin lace.

Straight bands of fine embroidery finished on either edge with a band of plain lawn stitched on are worn, with a narrow

band of lawn embroidered on the ends. It is really marvelous how a simple plain waist can be varied and adorned by a diversity of stocks.

Some of the severer stocks of white linen show different sporting impressions, such as tennis racquets, golf sticks, and riding whips in colored silk, and others show a four-in-hand tie, while others show a crown with three feathers above, embroidered directly in front.

The fancy stocks worn without a tie are usually pointed in front in harmony with the pointed line of the belt. Small butterfly bows attached to a stock in front

are very pretty and becoming, but it hardly matters how or of what your stock is made if it is thin, and if you are original, and skilful with the needle any little bits of silk, lace, and braid can be utilized in this article of dress.

A pretty stock of white crepe de chine is in folds around the lower portion and finished at the top with a little turnover of embroidery, below which there are little polka spots embroidered in blue by hand.

The turnover, either in lace or embroidery, are an essential part of the neckwear, and a pretty bit of fancy work for the needlewoman who can embroider. Moreover, linen in white and all the pale colors is used for the heavier turnovers, while for the daintier ones the sheerest linen is not too fine.

In belts there is variety also, and very pretty ones in either black or white are shown in the shops. One novelty shown in the cut is in white moire ribbon, threaded through four large rings heavily embroidered in white silk.

Two are close together at the back where the ribbon forms two ends, and two in front, one at either side of the point.

There are high belts, forming a decided giraffe point at the back, trimmed down with one row of small crescent buttons, but folded narrow in front to give the fashionable outline to the waist; and belts narrow all around, for stout and slender figures alike.

It is a pity, but true, that earrings are slowly coming back into the fold of fashion

but they are in vogue of the most costly description, so they cannot become too common, for a time, at least.

CUPID RUNS IN BERLIN.
Recent Breaking Number of Betrothals There and No One Knows Why.

A remarkable spurt in love-making in Berlin is puzzling jewelers, matchmakers and social scientists in Germany, to say nothing of the newspapers. They don't understand what it means, but generally set it down to the exceptional prosperity which Germany is experiencing just now.

The jewelers discovered it. They began by asking one another what could be the reason for the enormous demand for engagement rings.

They compared notes and none of them remembered anything like it. One of them announced that since the beginning of the year he alone had sold 5,000 engagement rings, which meant that there had been 5,000 engagements, because in Germany the man as well as the woman wears a betrothal ring.

The other jewelers began to figure for themselves, and each discovered that his

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ICEMAN HAS HIS TROUBLES.

A MORNING'S WORK ON A ROUTE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE.

Women Customers Who Demand Their Money's Worth—Lesson for a Man With His Own Scales—Scoldings in Plenty—Types of the Customers.

"Say," disgustedly remarked the iceman, whose route is over in Greenwich Village, "if you can pick me a boat where they want more for their dough than they do on this one, I'll buy one of them later that's made under water. I've got a man on this route who brings out a toy broom and sweeps the sidewalk of his nickel's worth of ice before he weighs in on his own scales. Cross my heart if he don't."

This was directly after the iceman had had an experience with another customer who had his own pair of scales. The customer was a fussy-looking middle-aged man, and he came out with the wagon with a cod-pain and a pair of spring scales. When the iceman saw him coming he executed a bit of quick adjusting with his own wagon scales.

"I want a five-cent piece," said the customer with the scales, "and I'll just weigh it myself. At the rate of 20 cents a hundred I ought to get twelve and a half pounds; and he suspended his own scales in place of those of the iceman at the tail-end of the wagon."

"The iceman fished out a piece with some little care and suspended it from the customer's scales."

"Fourteen and a half," said the customer, "Call it a nickel's worth," said the iceman.

The iceman had barely got through with this calculation before he was confronted by an angry-looking woman.

"Do you know," she demanded, "that that ten-cent piece of ice that I got from you yesterday melted before 2 o'clock in the afternoon?"

"The bit of the ice chest must have been kept open, ma'am," said the iceman.

"Do I look as if I didn't have enough gumption to keep my ice chest closed?" exclaimed the woman, raising her voice still higher. "It's not that at all; the ice is so soft, it's just made to get as soon as it's out of the chest."

"Well, ice is ice, ma'am," said the iceman, apologetically, "and one piece can't be any softer than another."

"Nothing of the sort," snapped the woman. "There's some kind of soap that you use quicker than others, and it's the same with ice, tell me."

The iceman went into the house to see if anything ailed the icebox. He came back about three minutes later, looking somewhat at a loss in the mouth.

"I thought she was going to bite my arm off," he said, "when I pointed out to her that the ice chest is only about four feet away from the gas range, and when I showed her that the lid of the ice box was wide open at that."

The iceman's next encounter was with an old woman who waddled belligerently out of her basement, wiping her hands in her apron.

"I've known that Ol' a good notion 't' buy a piece of ice," she demanded of the iceman, shaking a red fist in his face.

"What 't' buy, ma'am?" asked the iceman, side stepping in his obvious alarm.

"I've been buying ice for years, and I've never seen a piece of ice so soft as this," she said, "and I've never seen a piece of ice so soft as this."

"Well, that's just the way it is, ma'am," said the iceman, "and I've never seen a piece of ice so soft as this."

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